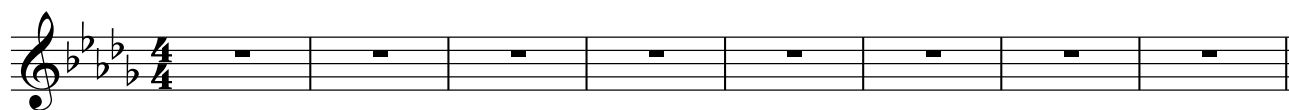


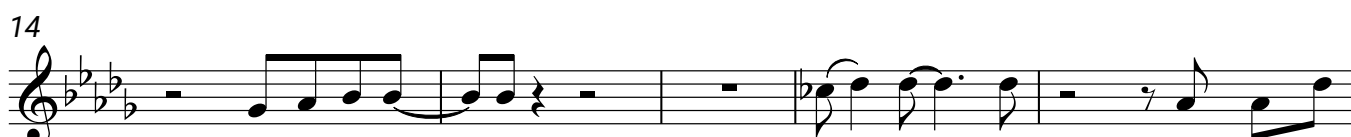
After the Landslide

Matt Simons

♩ = 120



Ly - ing_ here in my head, in my head, in my head done with the hi - ding,



sick of the figh - ting. Dy - ing_ here there`s no-thing



left, no - thing left, no - thing left stuck in the mo -



- ment, where are we go - in`?



It`s been keep-ing me up all night__ `Cause I know what it feels like,



to be sta-ri-ng in-to head-lights__ pre-ten-din` that it`s al - right.



— I wan-na know what`s next__I`m gon-na see what`s left,__I`m gon-na see what`s left